

The Desert

TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

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VOL. I.

WOMEN AS THEY ARE.

AS many of the fair sex from mistaken ideas on the proper deportment to be observed towards the guardians and protectors of female honour, have not only rendered themselves contemptible in the opinion of sensible people, but thereby deprived themselves of a participation of that blissful state

“Where kindred souls in happy union join”

the following story may prove a warning to avoid the quicksands of misapplied subtilty, on which the heroine of this tale was wrecked.

It was my very great misfortune, at the death of my parents, to be left under the direction of an old aunt, a widow, and who, to the innate subtilty which she largely possessed, had superadded no little share of worldly artifice, which she in her ignorance mistook for wisdom. The daily lessons that I received from this aged matron, soon perverted the native simplicity of my mind; in the place of which were introduced forbidding pride, ridiculous vanity, insidious insincerity, virulent malignity; and all that was amiable or noble in my nature, was bewildered in the maze of the most contemptible hypocrisy. Already my words, actions and opinions, were under the disgusting influence of affectation; I affected the softness, the negligence, and the languishments of beauty. I attempted the most elegant attitudes to cause attraction, and many other little female arts, all which I learned from my sage instructor. With her it was a fixed maxim, that dissimulation is the best armour against the inconstancy of men, and, at the same time, the best instrument for rivetting the chains of the true and unalterable adorer.

Amongst the many persons of fashion that visited my aunt's, was a Mr. Bellamont, distinguished for his probity. He was captivated with my face and accomplishments, and, though dissident and unpractised in the ceremonies of love, soon found means to acquaint me with his passion. Now my aunt, whose keen vigilance no circumstance escaped, admonished me to conduct myself in conformity to those maxims which she had industriously implanted in my mind.

Accordingly I commenced a course of rigour and disdain, which was to last for a month or six weeks, and at the expiration of that term was to be augmented, or mitigated, as the aspect of affairs should determine. I was enjoined to dismiss every smile from my countenance, to practice a frigid air, and maintain a rocky inattention to the respectful declarations of my lover. But Bellamont was a youth unexperienced in the movements of the female heart; add to this, that, from his own unblemished truth and simplicity, he was led to expect the like virtues

in his neighbour. He therefore dreamt not of art and dissimulation in me; but considered my frigidity and disdain, as proofs of my aversion from his addresses. Tormented with this idea, he despaired of mollifying my rigour; and in a fit of desperation left the kingdom, and has never been heard of since.

This disaster was the more afflicting, for I was just on the point of growing mild, when the miserable Bellamont bade adieu to his native country. I was exceedingly mortified at the loss of such a lover: in a little time, however, I forgot him; new candidates appeared, and I prepared fresh arts for the acquisition of new adorers. My aunt being chagrined at the ill-success of my unseasonable obduracy, instructed me to pursue more lenient measures with my next enthralled lover, who proved to be an eminent merchant of the city; a man sincere, sanguine, and impatient.

The usual overtures of gallantry being made, and followed by protestations of the most sublime and lasting passion, I demeaned myself so gently, and even with such humility, that he was induced to believe that I beheld him with partial eyes; nevertheless, I forebore to give him positive encouragement. But here I was in a perilous situation: the dread of losing this new lover, either by assuming a stony air, or by being lavish of my condescension on the one hand—and, on the other, my jealousy of many of my female acquaintances, who, as he was well-looking and rich, were in no wise disinclined to show him favour and affection—confounded all my counsels, and even puzzled the shrewdness of my aunt.

To obviate, therefore, the latter of these difficulties, I summoned duplicity to my aid. I let slip no opportunity of applauding the beauty and accomplishments of those I suspected, relying on the dexterity of my friends to undermine those very persons in his opinion, when my absence should afford them an opportunity. Meanwhile I exulted in secret, and proceeded as my aunt had enjoined me. I affected a meek thankfulness for the attachment he testified; I hung down my head in all the languor of sweet melancholy; and, when I thought his affection full strong enough for the hazard, let him know, in a soft voice, that I was resolved never to marry;—“My sorrows,” added I, “are incurable.”

On these sad occasions he would repair to my aunt, as to an oracle: she would shake her head, look dubious, yet artfully throw out such expressions and half sentences as tended to reanimate his hopes. As for me I thought it would be time enough to surrender in about a year and a half.

But, alas! while I was acting the hypocrite so unwisely, and pestering my adorer with a fictitious abhorrence of matrimony, a lady of worth and beauty proved to be my rival; and C—

being by nature impatient, and by this time distrusting my ambiguous behaviour, without even the ceremony of bidding me farewell, offered his heart and his hand to my fortunate rival, who frankly gave him hers in return.

My grief, my rage, at this desertion, was immeasurable—I immured myself in my chamber. My aunt, whose principles had been thus baffled repeatedly, endeavoured to afford me consolation by representing my lover as a despicable being, unworthy the regret of a person of my beauty and accomplishments. This, it must be confessed, lent some little assuagement to the vexation I experienced. We consumed whole days in depicting his character in colours the most contemptible, struggling hard to persuade ourselves that he was a pitiful, senseless, conceited, niggardly, dastardly, pusillanimous wretch. We laughed loudly, that is to say, we affected to laugh, at the meanness and absurdity we supposed him to possess, and thanked God for my so fortunate escape. Now and then, it is true, I sighed and sobbed, and even roared; but my aunt quickly pacified me, by inventing some report that redoubled to the dispraise and condemnation of C—. At length I was prevailed on to come down from my chamber. The charms of my youth were not to perish in obscurity.

My third defeat was occasioned by my raising up an unnecessary rival to a certain gentleman of rank and fortune, who had declared himself my lover, but whose affection I irrationally attempted to insure, by encouraging the homage of a young attorney, who frequented my aunt's. I concluded, that by this measure I should obtain two grand advantages; the appearance of another candidate, thought I (whether a true or a false one, is immaterial) will but rouse and redouble the assiduity of my lover; while the circumstance of being attended by a second captive will augment my glory and importance in the eye of the world.

In this manner did I impose on myself; but here again was I the victim of my own sacrifice; for my suitor was a man of a proud heart, and could ill brook the idea of my showing favour to any other,—still less that the object of my affections should be a person whom he accounted as unworthy to be even named in the same breath with himself; he therefore sent a letter to inform me, that, as long as my regard had been confined to himself alone, his attachment was sincere, was fervent, was inviolable; but that he scorned to be the competitor of any man, and concluded with declaring himself no longer my adorer.

You may judge of my chagrin and trepidation at this circumstance. This was my last lover; my character was now so well known, that the gallant and noble-minded fled away from my society. Nevertheless I was not wholly

without hope of re-establishing my influence. "Change of place," said my aunt, "may produce a change of fortune." Accordingly she accompanied me to the most fashionable watering places.

At Bath we had the good fortune to acquire the acquaintance of a gentleman, who had brought with him three daughters, remarkably seamed with the small-pox; to whom, on a sudden, I became wondrously attached.—I seldom walked or rode in any company but theirs.—Yet I was as unfortunate as ever.—It was of no avail that I appeared in the public walks and edifices, with my ill-favoured companions: for, my disastrous stars, or, more properly, my unestimable character, pursued me from place to place; and neglect and chagrin were my portion. I became unhealthy and peevish, considering my aunt as the cause of all my misfortunes; and, at the same time, entertained an irreconcilable dislike to her. Some few years after, my aunt dying, left me in possession of the whole of her property, which I had the mortification to find, when her affairs were settled, to be scarcely sufficient to procure the necessaries of life.

Thus have I since dragged on a miserable existence, a prey to my own reflections; in obscurity, without a friend on whom I might repose my sorrows. May those of my sex who are youthful, and have yet their career to run, avoid the crooked paths in which I have been taught to tread; for women have no brighter attraction than that plainness which is the pledge of internal excellence; that celestial simplicity which ennobles the heart, and exalts human nature to a similitude with the immortals.

THE THREE BEGGARS OF COMPIEGNE.

AN ANECDOTE.

[Concluded from our last.]

Just at that moment the parish bell was ringing to prayers. He asked who was to perform the service: they told him, it was their parson.

"As he is your pastor, master Nicholas, (he further said) you are most probably acquainted with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if he would engage to pay the fifteen-pence that I owe you, would not you acknowledge us quit?"

"Undoubtedly, sir, if it were thirty, and you desired it."

"Well then, come along with me to the church, and we will speak to him."

They went out together; but first the ecclesiastic directed his valet to saddle the horses and to keep them in readiness.

The priest, as they entered the church, had just put on his sacerdotal habit and was going to read prayers.

"This will keep us very long (said the traveller to his host):—I have not time to wait, but must proceed immediately upon my journey. It will satisfy you, I should imagine, to have the parson's word for the money?"

Nicholas having nodded assent, the other went up to the parson; and, dextrously slipping into his hand twelve deniers, said:

"Sir, you will pardon my coming so near the pulpit to speak to you; but much ceremony need not be observed between persons of the same condition. I am travelling through your town, and lodged last night at one of your parishioners', whom in all probability you know, and whom you may now see hard by. He is a well-meaning man, honest, and entirely exempt from vice; but unfortunately, his head is not so sound as his heart; his brain is somewhat cracked: last night one of his fits of madness prevented us all from sleeping. He is a good deal better, thank God, this morning nevertheless, as his head is still affected, and full of religion, he begged we would conduct him to church, and that he might hear you say a prayer; that the Lord may, in his goodness, restore him to perfect health."

"Most cheerfully," answered the parson.—He then turned to Nicholas, and said to him, "Friend, wait till I have done the service, when I'll take care that you shall have what you desire."

Nicholas, who thought this an ample assurance of what he went for, said no more; but attended the traveller back to his inn, wished him a good journey, and then returned to the church to receive his payment from the parson.

The latter, as soon as he had performed the service, came with his stole and book towards the in-keeper.

"Friend, (said he) go down upon your knees."

The other, surprised at this preamble, observed that there was no occasion for such ceremony in receiving fifteen pence.

"Truly they are not mistaken (said the parson to himself); this man cannot be in his right senses." Then assuming a tone of soft insinuation, "Come, my good friend, [said he] place your trust in God; he will have pity on your condition."

At the same time he puts the bible on the other's head, and begins the prayer.—Nicholas, in anger, pushes away the book; declares he cannot stay to be trifled with, guests being waiting for him at his house; that he wants fifteen pence, and has no occasion for prayers.

The priest, irritated at this, calls to his congregation, as they were going out of church, and desires them to seize the man, who was raving.

"No, no! I am not mad; and, by St. Cornille, you shall not trick me in this manner. You engaged to pay me: and I will not leave this place till I get my money."

"Seize him! seize him!" cried the priest.

They accordingly fastened on the poor devil; one taking hold of his arms, another of his legs, a third clasping him by the middle, while a fourth exhorted him to be composed. He makes violent efforts to get out of their clutches, swears and foams with rage, like one possessed, —but all in vain; for the parson puts the stole round his neck, and reads quickly his prayer from beginning to end, without excusing him a single word.—After which he sprinkles him copiously with holy water, bestows on him a few benedictions, and then lets him loose.

The unlucky wight saw clearly that he had been made a dupe.—He went home, overwhelmed with shame and vexation at the loss of his fifteen-pence; but then he had, in lieu of them got a prayer and benediction.

ANNA—A FRAGMENT.

"SHE was sitting, an' please your honour, at the door of a cottage, with two of the sweetest babes, scarce higher than your honour's knee:—her eyes were fixed on the moon which was at the full;—she might be pale,—but the moon, I think, made her more so. I do not know what was in her countenance, but the moment I saw her, I could have sat down, and wept with her."

"She is bewildered, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby.

"Not so, an' please your honour. The nightingale was singing; and she said to it, while the tears trickled fast down her cheeks—

"I could have kissed them away—but without any bad meaning, (continued Trim) for, had a whole battalion dared to persecute her, I really believe, your honour, I could have stood up against them all!"

"But what did she say to the nightingale, Trim?"

"If you have cause to mourn, (said she) how much more reason have I!—then clasped her little beauties to her bosom."

My uncle Toby rubbed the tip of his forefinger alternately across each eye—it seemed to be one of those movements which strive to hide a feeling act under that of an indifferent one. I am certain I saw a tear in the corner of his left eye—which he somehow or other omitted to wipe away.

"When she saw me, an' please your honour, (continued Trim) she pointed at me, then hid her head on the necks of her little ones."

"What could be the meaning of that, Trim?" quoth my uncle Toby.

"An' please your honour, I went up to her, and told her I was a friend, that I could not bear to see innocence as she appeared to be, in distress, without offering her succour, that I was a soldier, and that the duty of a soldier was to protect the unfortunate."

"That was gallantly said, Trim" quoth my uncle Toby.

"An' please your honour, when I mentioned the name of a soldier, she rose up her head—pointed at my uniform,—shrieked,—and then sunk between her infants, who crawled upon her, and smiled.—An' please your honour, their smiles made my heart bleed. When she came to herself, she thanked me for my care. I took out what little I had in my pocket, and offered it to her."

"I thou art a generous soul, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby.

"An' please your honour, (quoth Trim, bowing to my uncle Toby) if ever I exercise generosity—it is your honour who has trained me to it, and given me the example."

My uncle Toby seemed to feel that sensation which a modest consciousness of merit often colours the cheek with.

Trim continued—"What money can bring back my poor Edward! said she, sobbing;—he was killed in Flanders!"

"If it was not for the glory, Trim, (quoth my uncle Toby) I could almost wish that I had never been a soldier."

"He fell by the chance of war, an' please your honour," quoth Trim.

—"But war makes so many orphans and widows, Trim!" quoth my uncle Toby, sighing.

—"Then it is our duty to provide for them," replied Trim.

"We are deserters there, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby.

"An' please your honour, I told her that the money would be of service to supply her children.—'A little provided them (she replied). She hoped that God would guard her sweet babes: as for herself (said she) she had drank but a little water, and eaten a dry crust, all that day; it was well, she said with a grievous smile, that Providence had shaped her appetite to the means of gratifying it.'—An' please your honour, I bade her be comforted. 'God only knows, said I, what turn a battle will take.—When an army of troubles are in a movement to attack us—it is our duty, my dear lass, said I, to fortify ourselves in the best manner we can; and if we are attacked, why, then—it is our duty to make the best resistance we are able.' 'I never shall recover it!' said she, wiping her eyes with her apron, which was as white as the snow. She was clean, an' please your honour, amidst all her sorrows.

—"Why did he leave her, to join the wars?" quoth my uncle Toby, in a tone of feeling regret.

Trim's cheeks were suffused with blushes.—

—"He was kidnapped, an' please your honour."—

"Then he was murdered, Trim!" quoth my uncle Toby, wringing his hands.—

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL.

MITHRIDATES the great king of Pontus, had twenty two entire countries under his dominion, and yet was qualified to answer all those ambassadors in the proper language of the country from whence they came without the assistance of an interpreter. A great testimony of a large and faithful memory, that was well stored and ready to be used at pleasure.

Pericles, that famous, noble, wise Athenian general, while dispatching public affairs in the market place, an unmannerly brutish fellow, employed himself all day in giving him ill language, and reviling him before the people, of which that great man, though it was in his power to have punished him, took no notice, but went forward in his business till night, and then returned to his house, the villain following him with the same reproachful dialect. Being come to his house, and Pericles perceiving it was very dark, bade his servant light the fellow home, for fear he should lose his way.

The Dessert.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS,
ON THE MODE OF VISITING;

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES,

By an Elderly Lady.

(Concluded from our last.)

Laura is a lady somewhat more advanced in years, is mistress of a well-ordered family, a good economist, very neat, very sensible, and really means to treat her company with respect; but partly for want of a natural softness of disposition, and partly for want of being early in life used to polite company, she can neither give nor receive so much pleasure as Letitia. When you come in, she is glad to see you, and wonders you did not come sooner. Such inquires after your health with as much earnestness as your physician, and insists upon knowing how every one of your family does by name. If you happen to wear a black ribband, she is in an agony to know what friend you have lost; and though it be only a second cousin, she condoles with you in the most melancholy accents, and with a forehead as wrinkled as a woman of fourscore. The same unaccountable earnestness leads her to pry into your domestic affairs, and give her advice upon every subject of family management; and the next time she sees you, to inquire whether you have followed her directions. If she happen to come into a room where two persons are talking, she inquires what is the topic of their discourse; or if they cease speaking at her entrance, she suspects they have been talking against her. If there be any gentlemen present, and they are engaged in ever so rational and profitable conversation, she will not suffer any body to listen to them but enjoys them in a party with her, upon the subject of fashions or scandal. When she sits down to dinner or tea, she finds fault with the servant, before the company, for the most trifling omission. She forces you to eat or drink beyond your inclination, or else takes it for granted that you dislike her provision and wishes it had been better. If you assure her ever so often that it is exceeding good, and perfectly agreeable, she will not give you the least credit; for, "she is sure that actions speak louder than words." When you rise to

go away, she is concerned at your hurry; and asks whether you came to fetch fire. She is sure it is time enough yet; it will be more agreeable by and by; the moon will be up an hour hence—and the like. If you should be over-persuaded to stay, and sit upon thorns an hour longer, you have no credit for your compliance; because, "you might as well stay another quarter of an hour;" and the same answers are repeated, or new ones invented, when you rise the second time. When you are in earnest and determined to go, she will try to extort from you the promise of a longer visit next time; and if you attempt excuses, she will answer them with all the fluency of a barrister eager to gain his cause. In short, it is extremely difficult to get clear of her, without telling a downright lie:—and, for this reason, I seldom visit her. When I happen to pass by her door without calling, I am sure to be blamed for slighting her; if I meet her abroad, I am always examined where I am going, and often suspected of having a greater regard for some other person than herself.

The design of Laura, in thus plaguing her friends, is to make them think she has a great regard for them,—is glad to see them, and unwilling to be absent from them,—That she really has a regard for them, I cannot doubt; but surely, such ways of showing it are extremely disagreeable. I had almost rather be without her friendship than enjoy it on such terms. Yet Laura has valuable accomplishments. Her industry and economy have saved hundreds of pounds for her husband; and her family always makes a respectable figure in society. What a pity it is that a lady of so much consequence to her own family should not be more agreeable to her acquaintance!

But I will not take up any more room in your miscellany. Your readers will judge whether my observations are of any importance. If they are amused with them I shall be glad; and if not, I have this to comfort me, that I am not the first writer of my sex, who has been censured for impertinence.

A.

TERMS OF THE DESSERT TO THE TRUE AMERICAN

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FOR THE DESSERT. TO ENNA.

Yestell that girl whose fordid heart,
Steep'd in content's oblivion balm,
Secure in pride's bewitching calm,
Repels pale misery's touch, and mocks affection's smart,

Unmov'd she marks the bitter tear,
In vain the plaints of woe her thoughts assail,
The bathful mourner's piteous tale,
Nor melts her stony soul, nor vibrates on her ear

Go tell that vain, that insolent, yes that proud fair,
That life's best days are only days of care;
That beauty flutt'ring like a painted fly,
Owes to the spring of youth its rarest die

When winter comes, its charms shall fade away,
And the poor insect wither in decay:
Or, bid the giddy girl to learn from thee
That *VIRGIL* only 'tis that will not flee.
SOPHOCLES.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN—A TALE.

[From Coleman's "My Night Gown and Slippers."]
WHO has e'er been in London that overgrown place,
Has seen "LODGINGS TO LET" stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Derry down.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired Lodgings that took single gentlemen only:
But Will was so fat he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.
He enter'd his rooms; and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.
Next night was the same; and the next, and the next:
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week: till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.
In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him:
He sent for a Doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well, there's a guinea."
The Doctor look'd wise—"A slow fever," he said:
Prescrib'd sudorificks,—and going to bed.
"Sudorificks in bed!" exclaimed Will, "are humbugs;"
"I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."
Will kick'd out the Doctor:—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't ALWAYS succeed;
So, calling his host,—he said,—"Sir, do you know,
"I'm the fat single Gentleman six months ago?"
"Look & landlord I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first TOOK ME IN:
"But from the first night and to say it I'm bold,

"I've been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold,"
Quoth the landlord—"Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
"I've let lodgings ten years: I'm a Baker to boot;
"In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
"And your bed is immediately—over my Oven."
"The Oven!!" says Will—says the host,
"Why this passion?
"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
"Why, so crusty, good Sir?"—"Zounds!" cries Will in
a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?"
Will paid for his rooms—Cried the host with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been GOING AWAY half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel Will said;
"For one man may die where another makes bread."

ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

In her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect
Such as moves men; besides she hath a prop'rous art,
When she would play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Graceful beauty, bleaded in the character of
a virtuous female, I have ever held in the high-
est estimation. Various, and indeed, I may
say, innumerable, are the fascinating allure-
ments of the fair sex. None, however, in my
humble opinion, have to boast a more powerful
claim on our feelings, or possess more attractive
charms, than beauty. A beautiful woman,
adorned with virtue and highly cultivated prin-
ciples, is not only considered as an ornament
to the American nation, but deservedly entitled
to love, gratitude, and esteem, from the opposite
sex. What man is there existing, that would
deliberately suffer female modesty to be insulted?
I hope and trust, such cowardly wretches are
not to be found among Americans.—Mental
endowments, to a sensible mind, are doubtless,
desirable acquisitions to accomplishments already
acquired: engaging beauty, and delicacy of
form, in our fair countrywomen, are indisput-
ably, strong inducements to affection. Surely,
no man of courage, love, or gallantry, could
resist the lovely smiles of a pretty face, assisted
with all the attendant graces that are composed
to finish or complete a perfect beauty.

I beg leave now to observe, that a beautiful
woman, of unfavourable and suspicious charac-
ter, will not only prove offensive, but, in many
respects, disgusting, to a reflecting and refined
understanding. The designing arts practised
by those frail seducers are both unpleasant and
dangerous, upon calm reflection.—I am as
strong an enemy to female beauty of impure de-
scription, as I am proud to acknowledge myself

a protector and friend of female virtue. Those
who would not stand forth as advocates for a
domestic, innocent, and virtuous fair one, ought
most certainly, for ever to be banished civil so-
ciety.

I wish not to be severe in my remarks. I
have only to add, that what my heart dictates,
my pen indites. May a beautiful and chaste
female ever experience that protection and at-
tention her inestimable conduct merits! is my
ardent wish. The liberal, generous, and wor-
thy mind cannot fail to find happiness and true
content centred in the society of a discerning,
sensible and amiable woman. C.

ACCOUNT OF

A WHIMSICAL WEDDING.

THE anxious bride was detained by her lin-
gering lover, in the vestibule of Hymen. A mot-
ley group of impertinent lookers-on were much
diverted by the nymph's impatience. At length
the bridegroom arrived, not in a wedding gar-
ment: but, being a coal-heaver, in the dusky
apparel of Nox and Erebus, the parents of one
of the Cupids!

Black was the cloud which overhung the hy-
menical scene. A wrangle commenced; the
mob smiled; the fair one was abashed. Much
courtship was renewed; much persuasion urged
by interposing friends, to lead the affronted fair
to the altar—with a tittering mob at her heels.

The clerk simpered, boys and girls giggled;
divinity scarce retained its gravity. The so-
lemnity, though not very solemn, was solemn-
ized. The parties with trembling hands paid
the fees and withdrew. The unfeeling rabble
still followed. What could be done in this ridi-
culous dilemma? Whither could the luckless
couple fly?

Women only are quick at expedients. The
bride had no sooner got clear of the sacred walls,
than she made a precipitate flight through anar-
row street, with many doubles to elude her cruel
persecutors. A thousand followers pursued,
amongst whom the panting husband was not the
slowest. The chase was hot—the hubbub uni-
versal. But there being no golden apples in
her way, the light legged Atalanta soon out-
stripped her pursuers, and escaped.

This is no forfeiture of the Flitch of Bacon.
The quarrel happened before marriage, and
Dunmow must find out what shall happen after!